Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

NIGHT.

Bless thee, bless thee, solemn night,
For thy calm and holy light.
Beaming from the stars above
Like a mother's watchful love;
For thy stillness and repose,
For the rest from daily woes
Which thou givest to our sight.
Bless thee, bless thee, gentle night!

Thou hast brought the pearly dew
From its chambers, to renew
Life and beauty in the flowers
Blooming in our verdant bowers;
While the daisy on the plain,
And the gently waving grain,
And the forest's cool retreat,
Drink with joy the nectar sweet.

Peace comes with thee; thou hast shed
Sleep o'er many a weary head;
O'er the robin, through the glen,
'Mid the haunts of beast and men.
Hushed is now the honey bee,
Still the sportive lamb's young glee,
And the violet shuts its eye
When it knows that thou art nigh.

Rnd with sleep thou givest dreams
On a thousand pleasant themes;
Of the present, of the past,
With its bliss too great to last.
Thrilling love-tones greet our ear,
Words we long have pined to hear;
Eyes departed beam with light—
Bless thee, bless thee, holy night!

—Elizabeth A. Kingsbury, in Woman's Journal.

MARY'S SOLDIER.

The General's Story of How He Escaped Sentence.

"Speaking of court martial," said my friend, the general, "I recollect one which terminated more pleasantly, and yet it was a narrow escape for the poor fellow."

"Tell me about it," I urged, as the man brought us our coffee and cigars.

"Do you know what 'In front of the enemy' means in military parlance?" he asked, thoughtfully, as he flecked away the first ash.

"Why, I suppose in front of the enemy means—in front of the enemy."

"Sapient youth! In time of actual warfare all troops as soon as they have been mustered into service are in front of the enemy."

"When they get there?"

"No, at once."

"Then a regiment raised here in New York during the rebellion as soon as it had been sworn in was in front of the enemy."

"Precisely. And thereby hangs a tale."

"It gave carpet knights a chance for pensions," I reflected; "but it must have caused some cruel misunderstandings."

"Not at all. The articles of war are explicit, and if there's one thing drummed into a soldier's ears, day in and day out, it's the articles of war. They are his creed."

"Yet how many of us can repeat our creed correctly? Can you?"

"You just ought to hear me! But to my story: At one time during the latter part of the war I was stationed here in New York, detailed as inspector general to raise a brigade. I had been successful, and my camp of instruction contained fair material. It was a few miles distant on foreign soil."

"What!"

"Yes, in Jersey. One afternoon, while I was resting in my quarters after the fatigues of a hot day, an orderly brought me the unpleasant tidings that my camp was in an uproar. The men refused to obey orders, and open violence impended."

"What was the reason?"

"There's no reason for disobedience in the services, yet, I admit to you, there was an excuse. I had seen cause of trouble for some time, and had striven to avert it. The pay was in arrears through some red-tape delay. The men were poor, and their families were suffering."

"Of course you went. A man of your acknowledged daring—"

"Tut, tut! The bravest often fear the most. They don't show it, though; and I didn't. But it seemed the forlornest of hopes. I dressed myself carefully in full uniform. Why? Because an officer who expects obedience must first command respect. If he wishes his soldiers to be soldierly he must set the example, for no men are more critical or imitative. I hastened over the ferry and soon reached the high board fence which encircled the encampment. From within came a confused rumble like the portent of a storm. I approached the wicket. It was locked. I peered through the lattice. There was the sentry, sure enough; but with what a difference! His musket leaned against a post. He sullenly slouched up and down, with hands in pockets, in no wise heeding my presence. I would like to have shot that man, but I was bound and braced with self control.

"'Attention!' I commanded, sharply. The man started, then straightened, seized his musket, presented, and stood as a soldier.

"'Open that gate!'

"He obeyed at once, and I passed through and marched quickly forward. All over the field were knots of men, shouting, gesticulating, fiercely haranguing. Here and there were a few officers arguing and pleading in vain. The majority, however, sat dejected within their tents. It was a most distressing sight for a true soldier.

"I approached the first group of about two hundred frenzied men. A captain was just leaving them, pursued by taunts and jeers. He was an insignificant man, with a repulsive face; naturally pompous in bearing, but now thoroughly cowed. Yet as he saw me he assumed a certain uneasy bravado.

"'Capt. Johnson, at your service, sir,' he announced as he saluted.

"'What does this mean?' I asked.

"'They are fiends incarnate, general,' he exclaimed, as he glanced over his shoulder. 'They will murder us all and ravage the town. Oh, what shall you do?'

"'I shall form the men.'

"'Impossible. Why, that's just what I've been trying; but—'

"'Silence, sir.'

"As I reached the mob I noticed one face alone which expressed respect or sympathy. All others bore a look of malevolence. A young soldier well set up and scrupulously neat, seemed to be attempting to dissuade his comrades from some mad project. He was a fine looking fellow, with a long, light mustache and bright, blue eyes, from which, as I say, I caught a flash of admiration.

"I drew my sword and stood upright and motionless before the men.

"'Attention, men! Fall in!' I commanded.

"There was a hesitation, a momentary huddling together, then they arrayed themselves.

"'Present arms! Carry arms! Order arms! Parade rest!' I ordered, and they obeyed.

"Behind me stood a knot of wondering officers.

"'How do you dare?' I began. Then arose a growl from the ranks. 'We want our rights. We'll get them, too. We demand our pay. We won't stand such treatment. Our wives, our children are starving.'

"'Silence!' I warned them. 'Not another word. If you have grievances, if you have complaints, send them through the proper channel and they shall be heard and allayed, I promise you. Men, I'm ashamed of you. While your comrades are in the field facing privation and danger and death for the glory of that old flag which you have only just sworn to defend, you, for a trifling delay which the throes of our government should excuse, dare to murmur and revolt. Out upon such soldiers! Do you know what you risk? Do you appreciate that I have but to step to that telegraph and the regulars will surround you and rake your camp with an enfilading fire? Do you long to serve your country at the Dry Tortugas? Have a care or there you shall be sent, weighed with the contempt of all loyal men. Officers, to your posts! There will be a review presently.'

"'Three cheers for the general!' shouted the clear voice of the blue-eyed recruit as I turned away, and they were given with a will.

"So I went through that camp, speaking as I never had spoken, inwardly overwrought with excitement, but outwardly the cold, distant personification of discipline. Within two hours I had that brigade formed in a hollow square, and from its center I renewed my threats and my promises. They were effective. Reason returned to the men, and with it came shame. What had looked like a dangerous outbreak was quelled by moral force.

"As I left the parade I met Capt. Johnson.

"'By the way, captain,' I asked, 'who is that bright-looking young soldier of yours who seemed to be resisting the madness of the men?' The captain scowled quite unnecessarily.

"'That's Thomas Browne,' he answered, moodily. 'He doesn't amount to much.'

"'I'm certain you don't.' I reflected as I returned to the city.

"A month passed by. Discipline had done its perfect work. The mob had become a well-drilled brigade. The men had received their arrears, and were eager to wipe out disgrace and to achieve renown in action. The order for their advance was expected daily. I sat in my quarters in this city, alone and idle, for my duty had been fulfilled and I was about to report at Washington. The door opened, and a tall, slender young woman, neatly dressed, stood before me. Her face was pallid; her large black eyes shone intensely.

"'Oh, sir,' she exclaimed, 'save my soldier! He said that you might,' and she sank in a chair by my side weeping and moaning and wringing her fragile hands in a manner most pitiable to behold.

"'But, my dear madam,' I expostulated sternly, 'this won't do at all. If you wish my aid you must be calm and sensible. Tell me who you are, who your soldier is, and what you want.'

"'I beg your pardon,' she said, gently, and I felt like a brute. 'My name is Mary Graeme, and—and I'm engaged to Thomas Browne. He's my soldier, you know; and he's in the camp over in New Jersey.'

"'Thomas Browne!' Oh! I remembered. "'Yes, my dear,' I replied. 'A fine-looking young fellow, with bright blue eyes, I think?'

"'Oh, such bonny eyes, so tender, so true! And they speak his nature, believe me. I know him so well; we were little children together. He has been placed under arrest, sir, and is to be tried before the court martial now in session.'

"'For what offense?'

"'He was a sentry, sir, and was found asleep on his post.'

"Phew! Here was a pretty mess indeed for the young recruit.

"'My dear child,' I responded, gravely, 'this is a most serious matter. Asleep on his post of duty in the face of the enemy! Why, it may cost him his life! And at the very time, too, when there has been a revolt in the camp and the court feels the necessity of a stern example.'

"I shook my head dubiously." Here my friend the general paused to light a cigar, and I sprang at once into the breach.

"Hold on!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to seriously claim that a sentry might be executed for sleeping on his post in a suburb of New York, four hundred miles away from any enemy?"

My friend the general nodded.

"I explained all that to you in the first place," he replied. "Given those facts, the court would find him guilty, and the articles of war prescribe death as the penalty. Courts martial must render an absolute, unqualified verdict of either guilty or not guilty. Mitigating circumstances can only be considered in review.

"As I spoke the poor child wavered like a rare pale lily in a storm. But she remembered my warning, though her eyes streamed and her hands strained in their grasp.

"'Oh, sir, but he isn't guilty, the poor boy. Think how tired he was. Up all night; ordered on duty again the moment he was released. It was inhuman. No wonder he dozed without knowing it.'

"'But—'

"'Oh, sir, I know what you would say. It couldn't be. But it was. The orderly sergeant has always hated him. On the day before he had ordered Tom—excuse me, sir, Thomas—when he was off duty to clean the equipments of another soldier, which Thomas refused to do.'

"'He was perfectly right there.'

"'So Thomas says. Besides, he was expecting to see me. But that night when he came off his post, oh, so tired, the sergeant ordered him right on again to take the place of the soldier whose arms he wouldn't clean.'

"'If this is so, no court will punish him for falling asleep.'

"'I'm so delighted. That's what Thomas said he knew you would say. You are so learned in the regulations. But he didn't mean to—oh, no indeed. He's so ashamed; when he has been so anxious to distinguish himself for me.' And here a blush deepened through poor Mary's cheeks.

"'He shall have the chance, never fear. But why didn't you go to his captain? Does he know these facts?'

"Again Mary blushed, and far less transiently. Her fingers picked her dress uneasily.

"'Capt. Johnson?' she faltered. 'He doesn't like Tom; he—he—likes me.'

"Oh, ho.' Here was a little drama. I recalled the captain's repulsive face and sullen ways, and I recognized the villain's part.

"'Besides,' she continued, 'the orderly is his brother-in-law.'

"'And he tells a far different story, I suspect.'

"'Indeed, yes; there is no hope for Thomas from either of them.'

"'Well, my dear, save your tears and keep a stout heart. I like your soldier, and I like you. I believe the story, and you shall have my aid. But be cautious and secret. The court is now in session, you say?'

"'Yes, sir; all this week. But Thomas' case was only reached this afternoon just before adjournment.'

"'Then I must act at once. Good-by now; you may rely on me.' And with a God bless you! which it seems as if I could feel even now, the girl withdrew. Yet with a sudden inspiration I called after her: 'What is the name of the soldier whose place Thomas took?'

"'Joseph Brant.'

"Here, surely, was a difficult situation. The sergeant hostile, the captain vindictive. What hope gleamed for Mary's soldier? Yet I followed the inspiration. The proof—if I only could get the proof! It existed, unless cunning had destroyed it. Again I arrayed myself in full fig. Again I hastened over the ferry to the camp. I sought the sergeant's tent and I found him within and alone. 'Too stupid to be provident,' was my mental glance. 'Sergeant, your detail book, at once!' I commanded. The man stared and gaped and then handed it to me without a word.

"I went to a retired spot. I turned the pages with trembling fingers. Ah! fate had favored me. There was the record for the night in question, and among the reliefs I didn't find the name of Thomas Browne, but I did find that of Joseph Brant.

"Then I visited the judge advocate, a friend of mine, a fine fellow, now a supreme court judge of this state. Put that in your civil pipe and smoke it.

"'What sort of a man is Capt. Johnson?' I asked.

"My friend shrugged his broad shoulders.

"'Hum!' he replied. 'With all there is back of him he ought to get the single star in six months.'

"'Fluence, hey?'

"'Great. But, man to man, now, why do you ask?'

"'You needn't go any further, old fellow, your scruples reveal more than they conceal. But to change the subject. I am going to put a hypothetical case to you, and I want you to tell me just how you would act regarding it.' And I detailed the facts of Mary's soldier's troubles, using, of course, assumed names.

"The judge advocate deliberated. 'A difficult and delicate matter,' he said. 'The man is innocent, but he would be condemned. The sentence would be commuted on review; still his career would be ruined. I think I should do this: I should lay these inside facts confidentially before the president of the court. Then, if he approved, at the next session I should announce that the main witness, the officer of the day, was absent—and he would be, too. And in view of the stress of other business, and of grave doubts as to the defendant's culpability, I should ask that the case be dismissed.

"'You would surely do this?'

"'Certainly. It would be the quickest and most prudent way out of a nasty rush.'

"'Then listen, old fellow.' And I explained my parable to him. 'And here's the proof,' I said, in conclusion, and I showed him the sergeant's detail book.

"'The villains!' he exclaimed. 'I'll stick to my word, never fear. It's the wisest course, too. At this present crisis the friends of that captain must not be offended. His time may come. But that sergeant should be punished in some way.'

"'Leave that to me. He shall lose his chevrons, I promise you.'

"'Very well. I'm off to see the president.'

"The next morning came, the court convened. Mary was present, anxious yet hopeful, with her gaze fixed on the erect, manly form of her soldier. So, too, were the captain and the sergeant in attendance, the former exultant, the latter secretly worried. But I looked in vain for the officer of the day.

"The judge advocate was faithful to his rehearsal and letter-perfect in his part.

"'I do, therefore, suggest,' he said, in conclusion, 'that this charge against Private Thomas Browne be dismissed.'

"'This seems a proper disposition,' said the president. 'I think so,' said each officer, from the junior to the senior, and Thomas Browne left the courtroom a free man, with the devoted Mary clinging to his arm.

"I caught Capt. Johnson as he was sneaking away with a white, scared face. 'Captain,' I said, 'I learned the truth of this matter, and I am responsible for this ending. You've had a lucky escape. Now, mark my words. You will reduce that orderly sergeant to the ranks forthwith. He won't appeal to the colonel, nor will the colonel question the act.'

"'I will do so, sir,' he murmured, as he hung his head and went to his quarters. I never saw him again, but after the war, at Washington, I met Mary, a happy bride, with her soldier, and on his broad shoulders shone the insignia of a major."—N. Y. Times.

NOT ALL PROFIT.

How the Nickel That You Drop in the Slot Is Earned.

It may have occurred to some who, by inserting the end pieces of two little rubber tubes in their ears, heard reproductions of stage songs by prima donnas, stirring marches and thrilling martial music by famous orchestra or bands, to reflect that the little machine in the corner of the station waiting-room, which ground out this surprising result, was getting something for nothing, or that somebody who owned it and "who toiled not neither spun," was reaping a harvest in nickels. It may be interesting to know how the phonographic "blanks," as the little wax cylinders used upon the Edison phonograph for recording and reproducing speech are technically known, are charged with these choice selections of classic music for the public who have nickels to drop in the slot. The process is first to place the singers or instruments as closely to the large speaking horn of the phonograph as possible in a room from which all other sound is carefully excluded. If there is more than one singer or instrument they are grouped in a semicircle. Four or five, sometimes as many as seven, phonographs are arranged also in a semi-circle. The sounds are recorded on all simultaneously, but not with equal perfection, some of the cylinders being better than others. By this process, if a large number of cylinders are needed to supply all the phonographs controlled by the company, the music is simply repeated as many times as is necessary. After testing the cylinders are then ready to be placed upon the phonographs at the railway stations, seaside resorts and other public places, where the curious audience of one drops a nickel in the slot and then smiles to himself and wonders why everyone else doesn't smile in enjoyment of the feast of song. A much more rapid process is used by Mr. Edison in his works. What is called a "master record" is made upon a single cylinder, which is used similarly to the matrix in the stereotyping process for reproducing or multiplying the cylinders as many times as may be desired.—Detroit Free Press.

He Hasn't Said Anything Since.

Mr. Wickwire—Here is something you ought to read—an article on ways a woman can save money.

Mrs. Wickwire—Does it say anything about her remaining single?—Indianapolis Journal.

—At Colmar a lawyer bequeathed the sum of one hundred thousand francs to the mad-house in that locality. "I earned this money," said he in his will, "from those who spend their lifetime in lawsuits. This legacy is only a restitution."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Alexander H. Carver, of Willimantic, Conn., went to California years ago, leaving his family in ignorance of his whereabouts, and has died recently in Rio Janeiro worth $4,000,000, which will come to the sons he had deserted and who had almost forgotten his existence.

—Gen. Beauregard passed through Tennessee the other day en route to Yellow Sulphur Springs, and while he was in Bristol several men who served under him over thirty years ago, at the time he fired on Fort Sumter, called to pay their respects. The general is now seventy-five years of age, but he is in fine condition physically.

—Miss Dora Shoemaker, a daring Philadelphia girl, has distinguished herself at the Thousand Islands by swimming from South Bay beach to Pullman island, a distance of a mile, in the St. Lawrence. She was followed by friends in a boat, but she not only crossed the channel without assistance, but wanted to swim back again.

—The late Lord Sherbrooke was an albino, and he suffered from the defective vision of persons thus marked. For many years, in reading and study, he used opaque spectacles pierced with a very minute round hole. Early in his career his inability to make out his notes was the cause of a painful breakdown in the house of commons on an occasion when he had made elaborate preparation for an onslaught on the ministry.

—Prof. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell university, recently sent to H. C. Frick a copy of Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place." "Just now," he said, in a note to Mr. Frick, "you are in a position to appreciate it. Did my means permit I would have a supply placed with union and non-union men alike." In acknowledging the receipt of the book Mr. Frick said: "I read it over twenty years ago, and shall act on your suggestion and see that a number are distributed."

—Our "youngest congressman" is necessarily more than twenty-five years old, in accordance with the provisions of the constitution, but the British house of commons has members several years younger. One of the newly returned members, William Allen, is twenty-one, and Frederick Smith and Mr. Daisiel are not yet twenty-four. They do not break the record of political precocity, however, for William Pitt was only eighteen when he made his maiden speech in the house—the speech that led Burke to say that the young orator "was not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself."

—The most northern newspaper in the world is the Nordkap, published at Hammerstein. The editor and his assistants work in a small wooden house roofed with turf. News arrives to the Nordkap not by telegram but by the mailboat, and the world's events reach the Hammersteiners very late, generally after eight days. The paper is published, as we learn from the Vossische Keitung, only once a week, so that the news is not infrequently a fortnight old. Much time is also lost in sending copies by boat to the different subscribers living on the shores of the various fiords. Some subscribers fetch their newspapers themselves and pay for them in kind, that is, by herring and other fish.

HUMOROUS.

—Brownley—"Do you believe in love at first sight?" Yellowby—"It depends upon how much the girl has."—N. Y. Press.

—Mrs. Jason—"Jehiel, what is an agnostic?" Mr. Jason—"Wy, it is a feller that don't believe in neither doctors nor preachers as long as he is in good health."—Indianapolis Journal.

—An Idea.—Ethel—"I'm as hungry as a big, big lion." Mamma—"Well, what do you think a hungry big, big lion would like to eat?" Ethel (joyfully)—"Fruit-cake."—Harper's Young People.

—"I've a waiter at my house that has been with me ten years. Never gave me a word of impudence, hasn't asked for a day off, and never growls." "Dear me! What nationality?" "American. It's a dumb waiter."—Harper's Bazar.

—She—"I wish I could understand figures of speech." He—"For instance?" She—"Well; here is a reference to a 'harmonious whole.' What is a harmonious whole?" He—"Mrs. Shaw's mouth when she is whistling."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—A few years ago there was a man in Devonshire who had six or seven very corpulent daughters. When asked how many children he had, his answer was generally something of this kind: "I have three boys and about thirteen hundredweight of girls."—Tit-Bits.

—Irate Guest—"Here, sir! I telegraphed you to save me the coolest room in the house, and you haven't done it." Polite Clerk—"Well, sir, I have given the coolest room in the house to two hundred and fifty people already, and I thought you might not like to be crowded."—Elmira Gazette.

—"Gasconnades."—A—"Fancy, X is so fat that he has not seen his feet for the last ten years." B—"Nothing extraordinary in that. I know a student who is so tall that he has to climb on a ladder to take off his hat." C—"That's nothing at all. I have a cousin whose legs are so long that when he catches cold in his feet on the 1st of January he does not begin sneezing till the 24th or 25th of the same month."—Courier du Midi.